

(1)
AN
ELEGY

On His GRACE

(30) R M

JOHN,

Late Lord Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.

Complaints, like Ours, in *Ramah's* Vale were heard,
When *Samuel's* Awful Reliques were interr'd.
Like Him, by Heav'n approv'd, and Earth admir'd,
Our Age's greatest Prophet is Expir'd!

Just Honours to his Sepulchre we'll pay;
But some kind Seraph must instruct the way.
A Garland for his Marble we'll compose
Of Syrian Lillies, and the *Sharon* Rose;
Arabia's Spice in one rich Pile should flame,
And *Gilead's* Balm, less precious than his Name.

But when the Treasures of the East are spent
In pious Off'rings at his Monument,
All Rites perform'd that to his Urn belong,
To whom shall Fame entrust the Fun'ral Song?

The Graces Speechless to his Shrine repair,
Ev'n Art and Wit stand silent Mourners there;

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Yet

(2)

Yet bolder *Zeal* will *Bands* of *Duty* Break,
And *Gratitude* be priviled'd to speak,
True *Passion* too can *Inspiration* bring,
'Twas *Grief* first taught the *Nightingal* to sing
From His, as from *Elijah's* powerful *Tomb*,
Ev'n my dead *Muse* shall vital *Warmth* resume.

Heark ! from on high I hear a *Seraph* say,
Hence ye unhallow'd, for my *Charge* make way :

The *Crowd* retire--- a *Matron* streight appears,
Stars on her *Head*, her *Face* bedew'd with *Tears*,
How charming are her *Looks*---
Tho doubly now oppress'd with *Grief* and *Years* !
Divine * *Ensebia*, tho in *Sables* drest,
Is still by her *Angelick* mien confest.
Charm'd with her voice the listning *Winds* repair,
While thus her balmy *Sighs* perfume the *Air*.

* The Church
of England.

Pity me, *Heaven*, for your *All-searching* *Eye*
Can only to my *Grief's* deep *Centre* pry.
Behold me, once of *Mothers* the most blest,
Of *Mourning* *Mothers* now the most distressed !
Compell'd my *Temple's* *Glory* to resign,
My *S U N* extinguish'd, who with *Rays* *Divine*
Blaz'd out, and taught my younger *Stars* to Shine,
My pow'rful *Pan*, my *Ruling* *Pastor's* dead,
Whose pious *Care* my *Flocks* and *Shepherds* fed.
When mighty *Realms* enslav'd to *Error* lay.
And *Empires* stoop'd to *Mystick* *Babel's* sway,
Then could I boast, such was my *Patriarch's* *Care*,
To shew th' *Apostate* *World* an *Apostolick* *Chair*.
To *Envy* I appeal (for we must trust

Envy

Envy her self with such Religious Dust),
 If ever Guide with more Reluctance took,
 Or menag'd with such Skill my Ruling Crook.
 A Crook, that once committed to *His* Hand,
 Wrought Miracles, and bloom'd like Aaron's Wand.
 Endu'd with Power to work my Flocks Increase,
 And Charm contending Sheperds into Peace :
 Not wily *Jacob's* Mystick Arts of old,
 Prevailed with such Success on *Laban's* Fold,
 As his unblemish'd open Life, to gain
 The Separating Straglers of the Plain.
 Matron's Abroad, for Reformation fam'd,
 From Superstitious Vanities reclaim'd
 My Templ's Ancient Honour saw Renew'd,
 And bless'd my Stars, and for my Friendship su'd.
 On Me these Blessings my kind Saint conferr'd ;
 Transporting Blessings ! -----but with him interr'd.
 With faint Delight shall I my Vintage press,
 Listless the Harvest of his Toils possess,
 Bereav'd of Him who did my Comforts bless,
 As *Israel's* Guide from *Pisgah's* Mount withdrew,
 The Desert pass'd, and promis'd Land in view ;
 To such rebated Joys my Tribes are led,
Canaan in Prospect, but their Leader dead !
 How short-liv'd was the Transport I possess,
 For which with Tears I had so oft address !
 For This did Saints and Angels long intreat ;
 And *Cesar* court him to my Past'ral Seat ;
 Approach my Sons, with Me approach his Shrine ;
 In One Condoling Dirge your Voices join ;
 Your *Albion*-Rocks with these sad Accents rend,
 We have a Father Lost, Mankind a Friend,
 Thus mourn'd the Matron, and with Sighs oppress,
 His Sacred Urn embracing, Wept the Rest.

With no less Passion *Britain's* State Complain'd;
No less the Loss that *Britain's* State sustain'd.

When threatening Danger did the Realm surprize,
Not *Homer's Nestor* could, like *Him*, advise.
His Words, as if Inspir'd, Impression made,
Ulyss's Skill, without his Craft, display'd:
His Counsels ne'er were varnish'd o'er with Art:
With Policy he still did Truth impart;
Spoke Oracles, ----- but always spoke his Heart.

No passive *Gorgon* did his Reason's charm,
To hang dead Weights on our Restorer's Arm:
His Measures He from sacred Sanctions drew,
To Heav'n and to his Countries Int'rest, true.
Hence, by respect to *Him*, her Friends were know'n
And she discover'd in his Foes her own.

When first in *Learning's* Orb His Lustre blaz'd,
The World look'd up, transported and amaz'd;
Nor less surpriz'd: bewail his Beams withdrawn,
Pensive and hopeless of another Dawn;
So pleas'd and wondring, our great Parent view'd
The first day's Sun, and with charm'd Eyes pursu'd;
And when from Sight the Setting Lamp withdrew,
So He out. wept the Night's distilling Dew;
In sable Shades, Grief's Vigil kept untir'd
With Looks still Westward fix'd, where Day expir'd.

The *Labyrinths* of knowledge he descry'd,
With R E A S O N like a *Sibyl* for his Guide,
And with Her Oracles divinely blest,

As happily her Dictates he express.

His pow'rtful Style an artful Nature grac't;
Expressive words and all with Judgment plac't;
Hence they, like chosen well-rank'd Troops prevail'd,
And through the Hearer's Ear his Soul assail'd.

His

His Eloquence was neither course nor vain
 From Arrogance and Stiffness did refrain,
 Courtly Familiar, and Majestick Plain;
 Extensive Sense He into Compass drew,
 Said what was Just, and always something New;
 That did surprizingly our Souls delight,
 As Sov'raign Beauty conquers at first Sight.

He, thus compleatly Arm'd for Truth's Defence,
 His pious Warfare early did commence.

Gigantick *Athies* first His Vigour tyr'd,
 A daring Foe that Heaven it self defy'd:
 Ev'n Hell at first this Monstre's Brood disclaim'd,
 Nor one fall'n Angel knew for *Atheism* damn'd.
 But Earth more impious than the Realms of Night,
 Sent Hell a Race of Friends that did her Furies fright.
 Ah stupid Crew! who Reason wou'd employ
 Eternal Reason's Essence to destroy!
 The Fable's now to impious practice grown,
 The Sons of Earth wou'd Heav'n's true Jove dethrone.

Rome's Dragon next our Champion did engage,
 The same that dar'd of old th' Arch-Angel's Rage,
 And flush'd once more with arbitrary pow'r,
 Waited *Eusebia*'s Off-spring to devour:

But, when his Torrent Pride did highest swell,
 Confronted by this second *Michael*, fell.

And when at last he saw (as 'twas but just,
 The Champion with his rescu'd Charge to Trust)
Eusebia's Altars made his Guardian-care,
 With Jaws expanded, through the blasted Air,
 Belch'd Curses, the last refuge of Despair.

These Monsters quell'd, no *Sphinx* or *Hydra* rose.
 But whom he did with like Success oppose.

Then, as first Heroes doubly gain applause,
 By Conquests, and prescribing righteous Laws;

Thus

Thus did our pious Guide just Precepts give;
 Both how to Think aright, and how to Live;
 The Cheats of Syren Vice expos'd to view,
 And Vertue in her native Beauty drew:
 Of her bright Paths a Prospect did display,
 Where smiling Peace and harmless Pleasures lay;
 Did strying Souls to her enclosure bring,
 With charming Accents, such as Halcyons sing,
 Or Evening Zephyrs when they woo the Spring.
 Heav'n he describ'd as 'twere his native Home,
 And he an Envoy from those Regions come.

But vertue's Image and the Graces best
 In his bright Mind and Practice were exprest.

Divinely humble in Preferment's height;
 Nor then disdain'd on needy Worth to wait:
 High station only did his Beams extend,
 But none in his advancement lost a Friend.

By Judgment's Compass ev'ry Course he steer'd,
 And watch'd the signals e'er the Storm appear'd:

His Prudence o'er the Syrges did prevail,
 With ballast still proportion'd to his Sail.

Precipitately ne'er assum'd a Trust,
 To promise slow, but in performance, Just.

Of Temper calm, and Sanatively cool,
 As *Jordan's* Current, or *Bethesda's* Pool:

By Grace instructed, and by Nature mild,
 Nor relisht Life but when he Reconcil'd:

His Carriage, Words and Works, breath'd Gospel all;
 His very Look was *Evangelical*.

His Life and Aspect did just Patterns give,
 What Figures Angels make, and how they Live.

Th' appearance of his Person brought a Charm
 That cou'd at sight contentious Rage disarm,
 So boistrous Winds that furiously contend,

And

And Sea and Air in wild disorder blend,
At Neptune's presence, o'er the Waves Display'd,
 Sculk to their Caverns, and the Storm is Layd.

To Souls oppress'd with Sickness or with Grief,
 His Visits, like an Angels, brought Relief:
 When wrong'd repeated Pardons did extend;
 To Suffer Resolute, tim'rous to offend.

His wond'rous Charity no Limits knew,
 But, like Heav'n's Manna, in the gathering, grew:
 His Bounty ne'er by Limbeck-drops distill'd,
 But in large show'rs the thirsty Valleys fill'd.
 In giving, some express such grutching Grief,
 That Want it self repines at the Relief;
 But he Chearfully did still impart,
 That with his Alms he seem'd to give his Heart.

But Day, my Muse, will from our Sphere retreat,
 E'er we his Vertues Garland can compleat,
 Nor all thy fairer Sisters that frequent
Pirene's Banks, one that on Labour bent,
 Tho' Fancy's Treasure shou'd be drain'd, can raise
 The full proportion'd Tribute of his Praise.

Sons of Mortality, Learn'd, Pious, Wise;
 Who boast no less than Kindred with the Skies;
 See where Entomb'd your great Example lyes!

Well! since his Spirit its native Skies regains,
 We'll celebrate at least its dear Remains;
 From Fate it self we'll force the sad Relief,
 The mournful Comfort to indulge our Grief,
 Permit ye Stars, who now his presence boast,
 Earth's wretched Sons, to tell what they have lost!
 But he who justly will perform this Part,
 Must Truth consult, no study'd Rules of Art;
 Invoke no *Helicon* but *Jordan's* Spring,

(3)
And for his *Epicede* an *Anthem* bring.

Much less can our unconsecrated Verse,
His Deathless *Apotheosis* rehearse.

'Tis in a sulunary Muse's Pow'r;
To furnish Trophies for a Conquerour;
Home to his Palace from the vanquish'd Plain,
Expanded Fancy may the Pomp maintain;
But oh! when *Vertue's* Triumph we would paint,
The Progress sing of some departing Saint,
When some *Elijah* must to Heav'n be caught,
From Heav'n the flaming Chariot must be brought:
In such a flight our *Pegasus* will Fire,
To mount that Wain aloft there must conspire
The Whirl-winds rapid Wings, and Steeds of Fire.

The *Tishbite's* fiercer Spirit, when ravish't hence,
(Whose Ministry in Terrors did commence)
With such *tempestuous* Rapture might dispence;
But Transport, like our Prophet's Soul, *Serene*,
Grac'd his pacifick Life's concluding Scene;
From Earth Translated, gently to the Skies,
As Angels that on Flames of Incense rise.

From high, where grateful Throngs about him press
Of Souls by him directed up to Bliss;
His Spirit looks down, and sees the Past'ral Chair
Supply'd, and his mild Successor's Care:
(For Heav'n their Minds Resemblance form'd Compleat;
Like the *Twin-Cherubs* of the *Mercy-Seat*.)
Our Altars made so kind a Guardian's Charge.
Does, ev'n in Paradise, his Joys enlarge;
Pleas'd that *Eusebia* does once more rejoyce,
Once more applaud her pious Monarch's Choice.

F I N I S.